Per. I will beleeve you by the ſyllables of what you ſhall deliver, yet give me leave, how came you in theſe parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my Father did in *Tharſus* leave me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did ſeeke to murther me: and having wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who having drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and reſcued me,
Brought me to *Mctaline.*
But good ſir, whether will you have me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an impoſture, no good faith. I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Cals my Lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble Counſellor,
Moſt wiſe in generall, tell me if thou canſt, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made we weepe?

Hell. I know not, but heres the Regent ſir of *Metaline*, ſpeaks nobly of her.

Lyſ. She never would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that, ſhe would ſit ſtill and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, ſtrike me honored ſir, give me a gaſh, put me to preſent paine, leaſt this great ſea of joyes ruſhing upon me, ore-beare the ſhores of my mortallity, and drowne me with their ſweetneſſe: Oh come hither,
Thou that begetſt him that did thee beget,
Thou that waſt borne at ſea, buried at *Tharſus*,
And found at ſea againe: O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us; this is *Marina.*
What was thy mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever ſleepe.

Mar. Firſt ſir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the reſt you ſaid,
Thou haſt beene god-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes,

And

And another like to *Pericles*
Mar. Is it no more to be you
thers name was *Thaiſa*? *Tha*
the minute I began.

Per. Now bleſſing on thee,
Give me freſh garments, min
at *Tharſus*, as ſhe ſhould hav
tell thee all, when thou ſhalt
ſhe is thy very Princes; who

Hell. Sir, tis the Governor
melancholy, did come to ſee y

Per. I embrace you, give m
I am wilde in my beholding.
But harke, what Muſicks this
Tell him ore point by point, f
How ſure you are my daught

Hell. My Lord, I heare no

Per. None? the Muſicke o

Lyſ. It is not good to croſſe

Per. Rareſt ſounds, do ye n

Lyſ. Muſicke my Lord, I he

Per. Moſt heavenly muſick
It nips me unto liſtening, and
Hangs upon mine eyes, let me

Lyſ. A pillow for his head,
Well my companion friends,
liefe, Ile well remember you.

Diana. My Temple ſtands i
Hie thee thither, and doe upo
my maiden Prieſts are met to
veale how thou at ſea didſt lo
with thy daughters call, and g
performe my bidding, or thou
by my ſilver bow; awake and

Per. Celeſtiall *Dian*, God
I will obey thee; *Hellican*

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